
THE
LADY'S
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

OCTOBER, 1813.

MISS FENTON, afterwards DUTCHESS of BOLTON.

MISS LAVINIA FENTON, who was raised from the stage to a peerage, owed her popularity and future prosperity in life to the Beggars' Opera of Gay. She was born in the year 1708, and was the reputed daughter of Mr. Beswick, a lieutenant of a man of war. Not long after the birth of Lavinia, her mother married a man of the name of Fenton, who opened a coffee-house in the vicinity of Charing Cross. It is said, but we know not at what period, that she was once very low in life, even so much so as to earn her living by selling oranges at the Theatre. When in her infancy, Miss Fenton discovered a very uncommon talent for music, and a voice singularly melodious: her parents spared neither diligence nor expence to improve the powers with which nature had endowed her, and which, as they imagined, might at some future period contribute most materially to her advancement in life. Her talents were soon known to the then Manager of the Haymarket Theatre, and accordingly, in 1726, she made her first appearance on that stage in the play of the *Orphan*, by the unfortunate Otway. With the natural gifts of a powerful voice, an

attractive figure, and a rententive memory, she was soon considered as a very useful actress, and obtained from the town the most liberal marks of applause and admiration. At that time, it was no uncommon thing for popular players to receive presents of considerable value from persons of rank who were gratified with their performances, and it is not surprising, that a young lady so generally admired as Miss Fenton should receive the most liberal marks of their munificence. She was exposed at the same time, from her situation, to the attentions of the principal men of gallantry of the day. Amongst others who professed themselves her admirers, she was persecuted by the importunities of a young man of fashion and rank, who, in a style and manner that wounded the delicacy of her feelings, entreated her to retire with him into the country.

Fond of admiration, habituated to public life, and in the first dawn of her youth, it is easy to imagine that Lavinia would feel no predilection for rural retirement on the terms proposed to her: her repugnance to the country, she is said to have expressed upon this occasion in some spirited lines still extant, but which overflow with so much of that gallantry and libertinism of diction that characterize the time she lived in, that we forbear to insert them. It seems, that not long after she had poured forth the effusions of gallantry alluded to, and which were rapidly circulated, and eagerly sought after by the town, she appeared in a character not very unsuitable to the author of such a composition, or the business of her mother, that of *Cherry in the Beaux Stratagem*. Her powers were so fascinating in her performance in this character, that all the men of wit and spirit of the time were competitors for her favor, and contended together in a sort of emulation to please and gratify her. The reputation she had already acquired was a powerful inducement to Rich to engage her at his theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields: she accepted his offer of a salary of *fifteen*

shillings a week, which was soon after *doubled*, on her appearance in the Beggars' Opera. And in this character, she displayed such strong powers, both vocal and dramatic, that she attained in the theatrical world the highest consummation of fame.

This seems to be the era of the remarkable good fortune she met with. Gay, whose piece was considerably indebted to the Polly for its popularity, in a letter to Dean Swift, dated July 6th, 1728, says, "The Duke of Bolton has run away with Polly Peachum, having settled four hundred pounds a year upon her during pleasure, and upon disagreement, two hundred pounds per annum."

She lived with this nobleman twenty-four years, and became his wife in 1751, upon the death of his dutchess. On this event taking place, she was elevated to one of the highest dignities in the kingdom; which she retained nine years. During her connexion with the Duke, she never forfeited the estimation in which her character was held; and, in her conjugal state, supported the duties of it with propriety and decorum. Doctor Warton, in a note to one of Swift's letters, addressed to Gay, says. "She was very accomplished; was a most agreeable companion; had much wit, and strong good sense, and a just taste in polite literature: her person was agreeable, and well made, though she could not be called a beauty. I have had the pleasure of being at table with her when her conversation was much admired by the first characters of the age, particularly the old Lord Bathurst and Lord Granville." Quin thought the success of the Beggars' Opera so doubtful, that he would not undertake to play the part of Mackheath; but relinquished it to Walker; and indeed it had liked to have miscarried, and been condemned, till Polly (Miss Fenton), sung in a most tender and affecting manner the words—

" For on a rope that hangs my dear
" Depends poor Polly's life."

This is the air that is said irresistibly to have enslaved the heart of the lover, who afterwards married her. Pope, in his letters, says—All the news here is the Duke of Bolton has got Polly: get me her mezzotinto*? It might also be owing to the sweetness with which she sung her songs that the pens and pencils of poets and artists of all ranks were employed in her commendation. The ladies, we are told, carried about with them the favourite songs on their fans; and houses were decorated with screens, that contained verses, or scenes, from this celebrated opera. Miss Fenton was so highly distinguished by the great, that verses were in many instances addressed to her by them; and it became fashionable even to repeat her colloquial phrases. As Dutchess of Bolton, this lady survived her husband six years. She died January, 1760, and was buried at Greenwich. There is a large picture of the Beggars' Opera by Hogarth; in which the Duke of Bolton is represented in the side box, his eyes rivetted on his favourite Polly; the picture is the property of Dr. Monkhouse, of Queen's College, Oxford.

Of the ladies who have been promoted from the stage of fictitious life to fill the situation of titled dames, the following are the most distinguished—

Mrs. Anastatia Robinson, singer, married to Lord Peterborough; who acknowledged the marriage in 1735: she was a most virtuous character.

Miss Lavinia Fenton, Dutchess of Bolton, 1751.

Miss Farren, married to the Earl of Derby, May 8th, 1797.

Miss Searle, to Sir Gilbert Heathcote, about 1808.

Miss Brunton, to Lord Craven, about 1808.

And the union of Miss Bolton to Lord Thurlow is now on the *tapis*.

C.

* From which our Portrait is taken.

MEMOIR OF MRS. BEHN.

(Continued from page 126.)

Mrs. Behn, having for some time amused herself with this uncouth Corydon, began to find, at length, from the presumption of her swain, that she had carried the jest a little too far. *No circumstance of personal ridicule can be an excuse for sporting with the feelings of another.* The lady found herself compelled to disclose the frailty and treachery of his friend to Albert; whom (incensed at the presumption of his formidable rival) she found some difficulty in appeasing. Van Bruin refused to relinquish his pretensions, and challenged his kinsman in hight language to *snick or snee*; nor could he be quieted, till he was dismissed in form by the fair object of their contention. It is asserted, by the writer of Mrs. Behn's Memoirs, that she contrived to shew her gratitude to Vander Albert, for his services, by an ingenious stratagem, with some injury to her honour.

She had been warned of the levity and instability of her lover, by a lady of Antwerp, whom he had married, and deserted on the day of his nuptials. Availing herself of the knowledge of this circumstance, Mrs. B. substituted the forsaken bride, Catalina, in a private interview which she had granted to the solicitation of the capricious bridegroom. The plan succeeding, the meetings were repeated, till the deception was betrayed; when a scheme of revenge, not less delicate and hazardous, was projected by the gentleman. Mrs. Behn, from motives of kindness and benevolence, had taken an old lady to live with her, with whom she sometimes shared her bed. This obliging gentlewoman was bribed by Albert, to suffer him, disguised

in her night-clothes, to usurp her place. On the evening appointed for the enterprise, Mrs. Behn had engaged to sup at the house of a merchant in the city. The son of her host, with his two sisters, attended her on her return home; when the spirit of frolic seizing the party, it was proposed by the brother, to place himself in the bed of his fair friend, by the side of the old lady; when his gay companions, entering with lights, were to affect to surprize him. The consequences and mutual discoveries may be conjectured: the adventure terminated in the disgraceful dismissal of the matron, and a compromise between the lover and Mrs. Behn; who promised, it is said, to recompence his fidelity and disappointments, on her return to England, by giving him her hand at the altar. What was to become of the former marriage, on this occasion, or how a dispensation was to be obtained, we are not informed. But these difficulties were obviated by the subsequent fate of Albert; who, returning to Holland, to prepare for his voyage, was seized with a fever, of which he expired at Amsterdam.

Mrs. Behn, embarking at Dunkirk for England, escaped, with difficulty, a catastrophe no less tragical: the ship, driven on the coast, foundered in the sight of land; the passengers being saved by boats from the shore, our heroine arrived safe in London; where the remainder of her life appears to have been devoted to pleasure and the Muses.

The works of this lady are very numerous, and all of them have a lively and humorous turn. It is no wonder, then, that her wit should have gained her the esteem of Mr. Dryden, Mr. Southern, and other persons of genius; as her beauty, of which, in her younger part of life, she possessed a great share, did the *love* of men of gallantry. Nor does she appear to have been any stranger to the delicate sensations of that passion, as appears from some of her letters to a gentleman with whom she corresponded, under the name of *Lycidas*, and who seems not to have

returned her flame with equal ardour, or received it with that rapture her charms might well have been expected to command. Three volumes of *Miscellaneous Poems* were published by Mrs. Behn; the first in 1684, the second in 1685, the third in 1688. In these volumes, mixed with her own productions, were songs, and other light pieces, by the Earl of Rochester, Sir George Etheridge, &c. Annexed to the second volume is a translation of the Duke de Rochefaucault's "Moral Reflections," under the title of "Seneca Unmasked." Mrs. Behn was also the authoress of seventeen plays, as follows:—"The Rovers; or, Banished Cavaliers;" in two parts, comedies, printed in 1677 and 1681. These comedies are taken in part from Killigrew's "Don Thomaso; or, the Wanderer." "The Dutch Lover," comedy, printed in 1673; the plot founded on a Spanish romance, entitled, "Don Jenise," by Don Francisco de las Caveras. "Abdelaza; or, the Moor's Revenge;" tragedy, printed in 1671; taken from an old play of Marlo, printed in 1661, entitled, "Lust's Dominion," a tragedy. "The Young King; or, the Mistake;" trag-i-comedy, printed in 1683; dedicated to a friend, under the name of Philaster; the design taken from the story of "Alcamenes and Menalippa," in Calpreneda's "Cleopatra." "The Round Heads; or, the Good Old Cause;" comedy, printed in 1682; dedicated to Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton; part of the dialogue borrowed from John Tateham's "Rump; or, a Mirror of the Times." "The City Heiress; or, Sir Timothy Treatall;" comedy, printed in 1682; dedicated to Henry Earl of Arundel, and Lord Mowbray; the characters principally taken from Middleton's "Mad World, my Masters," or from Massinger's "Guardians." This play was well received. "The Town Fop; or, Sir Timothy Tawdry;" comedy, printed in 1677; founded on a comedy by George Wilkins, entitled, "The Miseries of Enforced Marriage." "The False Count; or, a New Way to play an Old Game;" comedy, printed in 1682; partly taken from Moliere's

“*Precieuses Ridicules* ;”—all of which were printed in quarto, and acted by the Duke's company. “*The Lucky Chance; or, Alderman's Bargain* ;” comedy, acted by the King's company; printed in 4to. 1687; dedicated to Hyde, Earl of Rochester. This play incurred the censure of the critics. “*Forced Marriage; or, the Jealous Bridegroom* ;” acted also at the Duke's Theatre; printed in 4to. 1671. “*Sir Patient Fancy* ,” comedy, acted at the Duke's Theatre; printed in 4to. 1678; the character of Sir Patient from Moliere's “*Malade Imaginaire* .” “*The Widow Ranter; or, the History of Bacon in Virginia* ;” tragicomedy, acted by the King's company; printed in 4to. 1690; the catastrophe founded on the story of Cassius, who died by the hand of his freed-man; published after the death of Mrs. Behn, by G. J. a friend. “*The Feigned Courtezan; or, a Night's Intrigue* ;” comedy, acted at the Duke's Theatre; printed in 4to. 1679; dedicated to the celebrated Eleanor Gwin, the mistress of Charles II. This was esteemed one of the author's best plays. “*The Emperor of the Moon* ;” farce, acted at the Queen's Theatre; printed in 4to. 1687; dedicated to the Marquis of Worcester; the plot from an Italian piece, translated into French—“*Harlequin Empereur dans le Monde de la Lune* ;” acted at Paris more than eighty nights successively. “*The Amorous Prince; or, the Curious Husband* ;” comedy, acted at the Duke's Theatre; printed in 4to. 1671; taken from the “*Curious Impertinent* ,” a novel in Don Quixote. “*The Younger Brother; or, the Amorous Jilt* ;” comedy, published by Mr. Gildon, after the author's death; taken from a story founded on fact. These plays, excepting the last, were collected and published in two volumes 8vo. and a later edition, including the “*Younger Brother* ,” in 1724, in four volumes 12mo. It will appear by this catalogue, that the turn of her genius was chiefly for comedy. As to the character that her plays should maintain in the records of dramatic history, it will be difficult to determine; since their faults and perfections

stand in strong opposition to each other; in all, even the most indifferent of her pieces, there are strong marks of genius and understanding. Her plots are full of business and ingenuity, and her dialogue sparkles with the dazzling lustre of genuine wit, which every where glitters among it. But then she has been accused, and that not without great justice, with interlarding her comedies with the most improper scenes, and giving an unlicensed indulgence to her wit. To this accusation she has herself made some reply, in the preface to the "Lucky Chance;" but the retorting the charge of prudery and preciseness on her accusers, is far from being an exculpation of herself. The best, and perhaps the only true excuse that can be made for it is, that, although she might herself have as great an aversion as any one to improper scenes and descriptions; yet, as she wrote for a livelihood, she was obliged to comply with the corrupt taste of the times; and, as she wrote in an age, and to a court of gallantry and licentiousness, these circumstances, added to her necessities, compelled her to indulge her audience in their favourite depravity.

Mrs. Behn also wrote several histories and novels, in two volumes 12mo.; the eighth edition was published by Mr. Charles Gildon, London, 1735; dedicated to Simon Scroop, Esq. To these volumes are prefixed the Memoirs of the Author, written by a lady. In this publication is her "History of Oroonoko; or, the Royal Slave;" founded on facts which occurred during the residence of the writer at Surinam. Southern, in his epistle dedicatory, expresses his obligation to Mrs. Behn, and his surprise, that, "with her dramatic powers, she had not revived her favourite hero in the scene." This omission he imputes to her sensibility and interest in the story; to which he observes, that she did yet more justice by her voice and manner, when relating it, than even by her pen. Among her novels and stories, some are translations, which may be distinguished by the reader from those which are original, by consulting the second and third volumes of "*Le Recueil des Pièces*

galantes, en prose et en vers;" Paris, 1684, eight vols. 8vo. M. Fontenelle's "History of Oracles, and Plurality of Worlds," was also translated by Mrs. Behn. This performance, though not without error, the writer being but little conversant with its principles and philosophy, is said to have some merit. In her Essay on Translation, she ventures beyond her depth, in attempting to obviate some objections of the author, relative to the Sciences, and the Jewish Scriptures. She also endeavours to prove, though probably an incompetent judge, that the French is of all languages the most difficult to render into English. The paraphrase of the epistle of Cénone to Paris, in the English translation of Ovid's Epistles, is likewise by this lady. Mr. Dryden, in his preface to the work, thus compliments Mrs. Behn on her version:—"I was desirous to say, that the author, who is of the fair sex, understood not Latin; but if she does not, I am afraid she has given us occasion to be ashamed who do." The celebrated "Love-letters, between a Nobleman and his Sister," (London, 1684), are also paraphrased by Mrs. Behn. By her talents, she acquired the acquaintance and esteem of the wits and poets of the age, Dryden, Southern, Charles Cotton, &c. She was more than suspected of gallantry, to which, by her beauty, her genius, and her situation in a licentious court, she was particularly exposed.

After a lingering illness, Mrs. Behn expired, April 16th, 1689; and was interred in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. Under a blue marble, against the first pillar, in the east ambulatory, is the following inscription:—

MRS. APHRA BEHN,
DIED APRIL THE SIXTEENTH,
1689.

Here lies a proof, that wit can never be
Defence enough against mortality.

Revived by Thomas Waine, in respect to so bright a genius.

Much cannot be said in favour either of the trite information conveyed in the lines of this curious epitaph, or the elegance of those which follow :

Great poetess ! Oh ! thy stupendous lays,
The world admires, and the Muses praise.

It is said by Mr. Langbaine, the contemporary of Mrs. Behn, with more modesty and greater truth, " that her memory will long be cherished among the lovers of the Drama." The majority of her comedies were successful, She seems to have been a plagiarist rather from haste than sterility of imagination; being at times compelled to write by pressing and urgent necessity.

She received the incense and compliments of the men of literature of her time; among whom may be reckoned Mr. Charles Cotton, who prefixed to her " Lover's Watch" some complimentary lines. Mr. Charles Gildon, with whom she lived in habits of friendship, observes, " that she extorted admiration, by maintaining the force and gaiety of her disposition in the midst of disappointment." He adds, " She had great strength of mind, and command of her faculties; being able to write in the midst of company, and, at the same time, to take a share in the conversation." Her works, though reprehensible for their licentiousness, abound in the language of passion. Her personal qualities are thus described by the writer of her Memoirs:—" She had an open generous temper, somewhat choleric, yet friendly and placable; incapable of doing a wilful injury. She had wit, honour, good nature, and judgement; mistress of the arts of conversation, yet frank and sincere; a woman of sense, and a lover of pleasure; more gay and free than allowed by the strict, yet without transgressing the rules of modesty." The last commendation, however applicable to her manners and conversation, cannot, it is to be regretted, be extended to her writings. Her comedies and novels, with the exception

of Oroonoko,* do not serve the cause of virtue, allowing something for the contagion of the court of Charles II. In a MS. of Mr. Oldys, an attachment is mentioned between Mrs. Behn and Mr. Hoyle, a gentleman of Gray's Inn, who is thought to have assisted her in her literary studies. Whether this gentleman was the Lycidas, of whose unkindness and coldness she afterwards complains, appears, though probable, to be uncertain. She is thus spoken of by Mr. Oldys:—"Her capacity is allowed superior to most of her sex who have ventured before the public. She had a command of expression, and a pregnant fancy. She wrote with facility, spirit, and warmth; more especially on amatory subjects. She may be called the English Sappho. She was a graceful comely woman, with brown hair, and a piercing eye. She had a happy manner of terminating any disputes that might arise in conversation; abounding in agreeable repartee, and in judgement in timing her retorts. She was between forty and fifty years of age, at the time of her death; which was hastened by an injudicious physician. Besides other works, she is said to have translated from the Latin the last book of Mr. Cowley's poem on Plants." This appears inconsistent with Mr. Dryden's declaration, in the Preface to the Epistles of Ovid, "that the writer of the Paraphrase of the Letter of Oenone to Paris understood not the original language." "She died," as Mr. Gildon justly observes, "after a life intermingled with numerous disappointments, which a woman of her sense and merit, with more discretion, ought not to have met with." Pope, in his Dunciad, has included this lady, in the following short but correct lines; of which Warton, in his Notes on Pope, justly asks, "How Mrs. Behn's

* The tragedy of Oroonoko was re-published, with alterations, in 1759, by Dr. Hawkesworth, without his name.

name come to be inserted among the *best* writers who have not succeeded?"

"The stage, how loosely does Astrea tread,
Who fairly puts all characters to bed."

C.

FOR THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

A DYING MOTHER'S LAST ADDRESS
TO HER INFANT DAUGHTER.

BEFORE you are made acquainted with this, my dearest child, the hand which wrote it will be reduced to its native dust. Let your first principle be, to restrain your growing passions; do not indulge them, under a false delusive notion of their being innocent; believe me, my dear child, it is the most deceitful of ideas, and will surely lead you into errors, always dangerous, oftentimes irreparable. I do not mean that you should exclude yourself from the tender joys of life: no, my dear; encourage them; but, before you suffer either friendship or love to obtain too great an ascendancy over you, search your own heart, and convince yourself that they are founded on esteem; without this, you will hoard up sorrow for your future life. Cherish the seeds of virtue in your bosom, and invigorate them by the warmth of religion. Let conscience govern your actions towards yourself, humanity to mankind, and love and awful reverence to your God.

Adieu, my child! let these instructions sink deep into your mind; let them never be forgotten; may they be felt with all the energy that can be expressed by a dying mother!

**.

THE GOSSIPER.

NO. XXVI.

“ When will mankind be sensible, that no disorder can be so fatal as arbitrary power.”

ROUSSEAU.

The disobedience of children towards their parents has in every age been discussed by the moralist, and animadverted upon by the divine. To rebel against those from whom we derive our being is, of all atrocious acts, the most unpardonable: it militates against every principle that should govern the human breast, and is in direct contradiction to the laws of nature. Much, however, as any dereliction of duty on the part of children is to be reprobated, the conduct of parents in regard to their offspring is often subject to much reproach. They frequently assume a tyrannical demeanour, highly inconsistent with their station, and, from motives of ambition, destroy the finest feelings of which the mind is susceptible, and blight the hopes of domestic peace. The following tragical adventure represents the danger of forcing the inclinations of youth, and how much fathers should guard against any undue exercise of parental authority.

Rosaura, a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, was the daughter of one of the richest merchants in Florence. Her father had destined her in marriage to a young man of opulence; but ill featured, and of bad character. Rosaura had conceived an invincible antipathy to him; and her aversion was increased by the affection that she entertained for a handsome and intelligent youth, named Octavio, whose deportment was the theme of general eulogium. Rosaura had in secret disclosed her attachment to her father, and employed her relations to induce him to con-

sent to his daughter's happiness; but infatuated with the great wealth that the chosen husband possessed, they were incapable of prevailing upon him to alter his resolution. Rosaura perceiving that nothing could soften the obduracy of her father, apprized Octavio of the circumstance; upon which, the lovers, in order to prevent so detested an union, concerted measures to fly to Avignon; but, two hours before their intended departure, they were betrayed by a servant in whom they confided, who communicated to Rosaura's father the plan they had projected for their escape. Signior Pancrazio, such was the merchant's name, being informed of his daughter's intention, shut himself up in his chamber, and took every necessary precaution to counteract her design; so that when Octavio arrived with a carriage before the door of his mistress at the appointed time, he found it shut, and strongly barricaded. This circumstance surprised him; but, after waiting part of the night to no end, he imagined that their purpose had been discovered, and returned home in despair.

At this juncture, the friends of the family again interfered. In vain did they represent to Panerazio the insufficiency of riches to confer happiness; in vain point out the cruelty of sacrificing his daughter to an object she abhorred; that content and tranquillity of mind were preferable to rank and fortune; that the affection of Octavio was sincere; his morals were unexceptionable; and that, from every principle of honour, feeling, and religion, he should consent to a union founded on a reciprocity of esteem, and which promised so much felicity. The inhuman father was inexorable; he ordered his daughter to prepare herself to receive the person he had chosen; her tears and entreaties proved of no avail; all that she could obtain was a month's delay, and, as a last favour, to speak once more with the distressed Octavio. To induce him the more readily to grant this interview, she promised to prevail upon Octavio to quit Italy, and pro-

ceed to Marseilles, that she might no longer be afflicted by his sight, nor be dissuaded from submitting to the marriage he desired by his pressing solicitations. In the course of a few days, the lovers met at the house of a relation who was to be witness of their final separation. "Octavio," said the unhappy girl, with an affected firmness, "we must part for ever; my father desires it, and I must obey. You will, I hope, endeavour to avoid me; for I feel that, in spite of the resolution I have formed, my heart cannot defend itself from following one who is so dear to me." She then drew her lover aside, and giving him her hand, said, emphatically, "Remember, it is obedience to my father's will that constrains me to require your banishment." Upon which they took a tender leave of each other, and retired.

Some time having passed without any thing of consequence happening, Pancrazio applauded himself in having broken off an attachment that so much displeased him. In this opinion he was confirmed by the seeming compliance of Rosaura: the wedding clothes were prepared, and no one bestowed a thought upon Octavio, who, they believed, was settled at Marseilles. The lovers, however, maintained a secret correspondence; and Octavio, one morning, found means of entering the chamber of his mistress, when alone, in disguise. "I come," said he, "to execute the commission you have enjoined me to undertake." "Octavio," she returned, "I suspect your fidelity; you come rather to condemn the project I have intrusted to thee." "I have deferred the completion of it," rejoined Octavio, "only to save your life. I cannot suffer you to die; nor, to add to the horrors of your death, the grief of seeing you expire in my arms." "You then wish me to be the victim of a relentless parent, and the wife of a wretch whom I abhor; but know, Octavio, since you have cruelly withheld the poison that I demanded in my last note, I am prepared against your weakness; and," drawing a dagger from her side, "this steel," she added, "shall protect me from falling into the hands of your detested rival." This

saying, before her lover could prevent it, she plunged the weapon in her bosom, and fell at his feet. Octavio, on seeing the blood streaming from the wound, in a moment of desperation seized the poignard, and instantly stabbed himself to the heart. The noise that this melancholy catastrophe occasioned brought a servant to the chamber, who, shrieking at the sight, alarmed Pancrazio, who, with his attendants, entered the room. On seeing her father, Rosaura, in whom some spark of life remained, in a feeble and faltering tone, exclaimed, " My father, I do not reproach you for your cruelty, which has severed me from my lover, and deprived him of life; you had authority over me, it is true; and I would even have obeyed your orders, if my virtue had not trembled to behold me united to a man whom I mortally hate. In the end, I must have yielded to the seducing inclination which dragged me towards Octavio, whom I too much loved ever to forget. Alas! his death proves but too forcibly the excess of his affection. Pardon, dear lover, the resolution that I formed; I have hurried you to the tomb, and shortened an existence that I would have given worlds to preserve." These expressions of Rosaura drew tears from those who were present, and threw her father into a swoon. Upon his recovery, he offered her his blessing. " It is to no purpose," she continued, " no grief, no tenderness, can recall me to life; I am dying, and may my death serve as an example to every father who is as inflexible as mine." She then extended her hand to Pancrazio, and casting upon him a look of forgiveness, heaved a deep sigh, and expired.

B.

THE EFFECT OF JEALOUSY;
OR,
THE IMPULSE OF DESPAIR.

Concluded from page 141.

Her cares and anxieties soon awoke her, and recalled to her recollection the subject of her affliction. Occupied with the mournful slavery in which she was compelled to pass her time, and incensed at the conduct of a worthless husband, who so ill repaid the affection that she bore him, she felt within her all those sensations that inspire in the breast of an offended woman, rage, hatred, and scorn. She was frequently induced to unfold to the Count the injured feelings of her heart; but she thought it more prudent to dissemble her resentment, and to support in secret the misfortune that oppressed her. She wandered again into the garden, and sought in solitude some relief to her woes; and roaming to a spot that was surrounded by trees of the richest foliage, she seated herself in a retreat, from whence she heard a plaintive voice, that much excited her curiosity. Chance at that moment had conducted to the spot the Chevalier Pignatelli. This young nobleman united to a fine person all the noblest qualities of human nature: he was esteemed one of the most amiable and accomplished gentlemen of his time. Living at Salerno, he had known the Countess from her infancy, and always retained for her the most favourable impressions; but, as it frequently happens, this inclination was now changed to the most ardent and respectful love: omitting no opportunities of seeing her in public, he endeavoured by every means in his power to make known to her the sincerity of his passion; but the Countess appeared solicitous to forego his attentions, and always avoided

a private interview. The indifference of the Countess only tending to increase his tenderness, his affection in the end became so extremely violent, that he was miserable in the extreme when he no longer beheld the object of his solicitude. The anguish by which he was oppressed induced him to visit a friend who had a country house at Pozzuoli, where he passed a part of the summer. Singular as it may appear, the Chevalier was entirely ignorant that Count Mascarelli had an estate in that quarter; much less did he know that the Countess was there. One day, having risen very early, he took a walk on the borders of the sea, which insensibly led him to the wood in which the Countess was accustomed to secrete herself: conceiving in this solitude that he had no other witnesses than the birds of the air, he, in direct terms, confessed the vehemence of his passion for the Countess Mascarelli, complained of the brutality of the Count, reproached the Countess of insensibility to his ardent and sincere attachment, and declared that she only had withdrawn herself from his society, to make him feel the more poignantly the influence of her charms. It is difficult to express the surprise of the Countess upon recognizing his voice, and what were her emotions when she heard the sentiments that she had inspired. A thousand different thoughts pressed upon her imagination. The Chevalier, whom she had avoided with a species of dislike, retained for her sensations the most tender and respectful. The Count, on the contrary, to whom she had been inviolably attached, repaid her affection by the most shameful misconduct. Such were the reflections that passed in the bosom of the Countess, when the Chevalier retired from the covert in which he was enveloped; but what was his astonishment on perceiving the Countess. Transported with pleasure and joy, he ran immediately towards her; his sighs declared the emotions of his soul; while his lips, the faithful interpreters of his heart, disclosed expressions of the tenderest regard.

The virtuous lady, conscious of the duty that she owed to her husband, exasperated as she was at his behaviour, resisted the ardent protestations of the Chevalier. She even mistrusted herself, and far from appearing moved at his tenderness, or revealing to him the cause of her melancholy, she affected a sprightly demeanour, the better to conceal her grief; giving him to understand that as she had a husband who had every claim upon her fidelity, she could not listen to a second engagement; at the same time intimating, that had she the power of disposing of her heart, she might not be insensible to his attentions. The Countess therefore desired the Chevalier to retire; she represented to him the danger he incurred should they be discovered, and that nothing could more effectually ruin her in the opinion of her husband, who would conceive that the interview was premeditated. Pignatelli was struck with admiration at her virtue, which greatly exalted her in his esteem. The Count, during these incidents, had received letters that compelled him to return to Salerno upon business of the last importance: he set out the next day with his wife, and some time afterwards the Chevalier, having heard that the Count Mascarelli had quitted the country, immediately hastened to town in the hope of seeing the Countess. He did not fail, in truth, to avail himself of every opportunity to attract her notice; nay, such was the ardour of his attentions, that his passion in the end betrayed him. The Count, who had his emissaries abroad, was apprized that the Chevalier was incessant in his attentions, and followed her in every direction. The jealous Count, upon this intelligence, became furious in the extreme; he no longer doubted the Chevalier's designs; reflected upon the means of taking him by surprise, and of punishing the infidelity of his wife. To accomplish his wishes, he pretended that important affairs compelled him to make a journey to Naples. He informed his wife of the occurrence, and prepared every thing for his departure.

On a particular day, he set off; embraced his wife with the utmost tenderness, and entreated her to support herself during his absence. In short, he used every precaution that was necessary to persuade her that he was gone to Naples; but instead of taking the proper road, he concealed himself in a place where he might be informed by his agents of the Countess's actions. As the preparations for his journey had made some noise in the city, the news soon reached the ear of the Chevalier, who flattered himself that he should have frequent opportunities of seeing the Countess; this hope so seized upon his imagination, that no sooner was he assured of the Count's departure than he flew to the house, and secretly obtained admittance. The Countess, extremely surprised at his visit, expressed her displeasure in the strongest terms. After disclosing to him the fatal effects that might result from his rashness, she assured him that nothing should induce her to fail in her duty to her husband. In the mean time, the spies of the Count, who were ever upon the alert, having seen the Chevalier with the Countess, gave immediate information to the Count. Enraged to an excess at this intelligence, the Count reflected upon nothing but revenge. To effect this, he took with him four of his bravest emissaries, flew to his house, burst the doors, and rushed towards the apartment of the Countess. Who can picture her astonishment on recognizing her husband's voice? The fear with which she was impressed prevented all utterance; her blood ran cold in her veins. On the contrary, the Chevalier, infinitely more concerned at her apprehensions than sensible of his own danger, knew not what course to adopt. His embarrassment was the greater as he perceived no means of escaping. He knew that the Count was not in a condition to listen to reason. He had scarcely finished these reflections when he was attacked by a number of people. The danger in which he was placed gave him additional strength. He defended himself with a species of fury, and wounded several who

dared to approach him. In spite of all his courage and resistance, he was, however, obliged to yield to his opponents. He was seized, and disarmed. In vain, did he assure the Count of the purity of his motives, and of the virtue of his wife. The Count, regardless of his assertions, answered only in those terms that rage and indignation dictated. He caused him to be bound, and desired him to prepare for death. He then drew a dagger, and flew towards the Countess, in order to plunge it in her bosom. The fear with which she was impressed, now changed into despair ; " Kill my murderer," she exclaimed to the assassins ; " glut your vengeance upon him : if I must die, I perish innocently ; I have nothing to reproach myself with." The Count was surprised at the intrepidity of his wife ; and perceiving that death even was not capable of appalling her, he suspended his rage, and restrained his arm that was raised to strike the blow. " For a few moments," said Masearelli, " I will defer my revenge, in order to make you feel more sensibly the punishment that you deserve ; take this pistol," added he, " and destroy the wretch who has dishonoured me. Hesitate not, perfidious woman, but obey my words." The unfortunate Countess, oppressed with horror, shuddered at the orders of her cruel husband. In a paroxysm of despair, she seized the pistol ; but, instead of pointing it at the Chevalier, she levelled the weapon at her husband, and deprived him of life. Animated thus with prodigious frenzy, she opposed the satellites who accompanied the Count, and reaching the Chevalier, untied the cord with which he was bound. Disconcerted at so extraordinary an event, and apprehensive of their danger, the assassins immediately fled. During this interval, the Chevalier hastened to a place of security. The Countess adopted the same precaution. Their friends were indefatigable in interposing their assistance. The particulars of the occurrence were accurately developed ; the misconduct and brutality of the Count clearly demonstrated ; the attack upon their

lives satisfactorily proved; these circumstances, in the end, obtained their pardon. Nevertheless, the Countess, though she felt herself released from a husband whose tyranny she despised, lamented his sufferings, and sympathized in his disastrous fate. She long suffered the utmost anguish at having caused his death, and it was not until the lapse of many years, that the Chevalier obtained the reward of his assiduities, and could prevail upon the Countess to be united to him in the bands of wedlock.

B.

ON SUDDEN ELEVATION.

An unexpected turn of good fortune frequently perplexes the judgement, and corrupts the heart. A person went one day to see a friend who had been raised to a considerable post. The party, priding himself upon his elevation, so far forgot his friend as to enquire his name. The former intimate, incensed at his conduct, informed him, in a pointed manner, that he came to pay him his compliments of congratulation on his new dignity, and to condole with him, at the same time, upon the loss he had sustained of his reason and his memory, inasmuch as he had been deprived of the recollection of one of his dearest friends, and even of his former self.

REFLECTION.

When you are disposed to be vain of your mental acquirements, look up to those who are more accomplished than yourself, that you may be fired with emulation; but when you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances, look down on those beneath you, that you may learn contentment.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

I DO NOT KNOW a greater plague to a bachelor, than the perpetual anxiety of his friends and relatives to know how near he is entering into the holy state of matrimony; and it is astonishing with what kind avidity any little acquaintance he may have with a female, is reported among his connexions.

It perhaps happens that he takes a walk with a lady, who is seen to hang upon his arm in a most interesting manner: he is observed to stoop, and turn his face toward the lady as he speaks! and perhaps he enforces his observations by a pressure upon the hand that is passed under his arm! All this would confirm a sceptic in matters of love; it is, in fact, a settled thing, that he is certainly going to be married to her; when, perhaps, the parties most interested have never so much as thought of it; or, at all events, have not yet uttered a single syllable on the subject.

If it is not previously known *who* the lady is, it is soon ascertained by the curious; and he is saluted on all sides as a most happy man. His male friends joke him upon it; and his female friends, particularly aunts, cousins, &c. can hardly find any other topic for some time.

After a variety of little side hints and inuendos, such as—"Pray when were you in —— street last?"—or, "How does the lady in —— square do?"—or, "What a pretty girl Miss —— is? I wonder she does not get married," &c. &c. which he either **does not**, or will not understand, they come upon him with, "Well, you are **very** sly about it; I think you might have told *me*, as I am an old friend. Pray, is she handsome? Indeed, you ought to introduce her, as we are to be cousins;"—ending their observations with—"Ah! we shall soon see all about it."

I shall not fill your pages with any opinion as to what feeling all this proceeds from, though, probably, curiosity is the principal motive; but take it for granted, that, as a bachelor is a very useless sort of being, and undoubtedly deserving of some torment for so remaining, this is inflicted upon him as punishment.

I shall conclude with the wish contained in the old song,—

“ May those who are single get wives to their minds,
And those who are married live happy.”

I am, &c.

A BACHELOR.

LITERARY PRIDE.

A French writer, named *Theophile*, having dedicated a book to James I. the King received his performance without expressing a desire to see the author; upon which *Theophile* composed the following presumptuous epigram:—

Si Jacques, Roi, grand de sçavoir,
N'a pas trouvé bon de me voir,
En voici la cause infaillible—
Après qu'il eut vu mon écrit,
Il crut que j'étois tout esprit,
Et par conséquent invisible.

PLEASURE.

Pleasure is most frequently found while we are employed in some worthy pursuit, and missed by those who are continually in search of it.

REFLEXIONS ON LIFE AND MANNERS.

BY COUNT OXENSTIERN.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Love and Friendship are both indeed of the same family, but of a different descent; for the former, at times the child of vice, has oppression for its object, and is effaced by time; whereas friendship, formed by virtue, proposes honour for its end, and increases as it grows older. Happy is he who finds a good friend; and wise is he who knows how to keep him. Of all that I have heard, or read, of the different effects of love and friendship, the history of Titus Quintus Fulvius, a noble Roman, and Gissippus, a citizen of Athens, appears to me the most curious, from its extraordinary accidents, and wonderful events, I shall therefore amuse my readers with its recital.

The Academy of Athens was formerly the most famous in the world. Youth came to it from all parts to learn polite literature. T. Q. Fulvius was among the number of those who placed themselves in it. This young Roman, during his residence there, got acquainted with, and afterwards contracted an intimate friendship for, Gissippus, a man of rank, and considerable wealth. These two friends soon conceived so great a friendship for each other, that it seemed as if one soul animated their two bodies. Gissippus, having fallen in love with Sophronia, a young lady, as history informs us, of excessive beauty, carried his regard so far as to solicit her in marriage. The promise was given on both sides, and the wedding-day fixed. Every thing favoured the wishes of Gissippus, who, however, not thinking himself completely happy until he had communicated his good fortune to his other self, made him his confidant, and brought him to visit her. This lover, who

was over zealous as a friend, presented Titus to Sophronia; who was no sooner seen by the young Roman, than she innocently became the cause of a dreadful check to their friendship; for Titus fell immediately so desperately in love with the fair Greek, that, when he returned home, he was so cruelly agitated by friendship on the one hand, and affection on the other, that his health became very seriously impaired. He was sensible of the extreme baseness of having betrayed a friend in that most tender point, love; yet he felt, at the same time, that it was impossible to resist the charms of the bewitching Sophronia. These different emotions increased his fever; and the confusion he experienced at discovering the cause of it, reduced him to such a state as to endanger his life. Gissippus, being informed of it, was inconsolable; and, at the same moment, learning from the physicians, that his death was inevitable, if he persisted in concealing the cause of the melancholy which had occasioned his disorder, he conjured his friend to unfold the cause.

But this rival felt his repugnance to discover it increase in proportion as his friend more strongly pressed him; and despair at not being able to conquer his resistance, augmented the disorder of Fulvius to such a degree as to reduce him to the last extremity. It appeared to him to be unworthy of a noble Roman to discover his weakness, and wound the delicacy of a friend by the avowal of a brutal and unlawful passion. Sometimes he repented of having contracted so close an intimacy with Gissippus, and sometimes he reproached himself for the treachery with which the violence of his love had inspired him.

At last, however, as love is less bashful than friendship, seeing himself in a state from which he did not think he should recover, he declared the source of his malady. He, however, confessed his crime with so much confusion and grief, that Gissippus felt almost as much compassion for the melancholy and dangerous state of his indiscreet friend as he felt love and tenderness for Sophronia.

He was, however, petrified at the disclosure of this secret; and for some time remained in perfect silence, which was occasionally interrupted by heavy sighs.

Love combating in his mind against friendship, and sincere friendship against the tender affection he had for his mistress; he knew not what to resolve on; the death of his friend, or the abandonment of his mistress. His mind pleaded in favour of his friend, and his heart took the part of his dear Sophronia. In the end, friendship triumphed over love; and this friend, upon certain conditions, surrendered her to Titus; whose health, on his marriage with Sophronia, soon became restored.

The parents of Sophronia, incensed at the conduct of Gissippus, caused him to be cited before the Council of Athens; who, indignant at this breach of faith towards them, confiscated all his property, and banished him for ever from his country; so that, as the miserable dupe of friendship, he was obliged to wander from one country to another, exposed to all the miseries attendant on poverty and exile. At length, driven to despair by his unfortunate situation, he determined on going to Rome; flattering himself, that gratitude would perhaps induce Titus to take compassion on him. In this hope, he set out for Rome, and went directly to the Capitol, where Titus held the rank of senator, and placed himself opposite to him, that he might be seen by him; but whether it were that Titus did not perceive him, or that this wretched Greek was so changed that he could no longer be known, this senator took no notice of him. The unfortunate Athenian, considering himself slighted by this neglect, went instantly, and concealed himself in an old cave in the suburbs; resolving to terminate, by a speedy death, the misery to which his friendship and the ingratitude of Titus had reduced him.

He there revolved in his mind every thing that the deepest despair usually presents to a troubled imagination, overwhelmed with misfortune. He detested friendship,

reprobated love, abused his country, and the whole human race ; blasphemed, and at length implored the aid of the Furies. He went on in this manner, when, as night was far advanced, two robbers came by chance near the place where he had concealed himself. These men having quarrelled about the partition of their plunder, were so enraged, that, from words they came to blows ; insomuch, that one of them, named Publius Ambustus, killed his companion, and made his escape.

The next day, the body of the dead person being found near the retreat of the wretched Gissippus, this unfortunate man was suspected of having committed the murder. He was immediately secured, and brought before the Senate, of which the Consul Varro was President. Gissippus, delighted at this accident, which was so favourable to his design of dying, did not hesitate to acknowledge himself guilty of the murder, and received sentence of death on his own confession. They were already going to lead him from the Capitol to the place of execution, when, on a sudden, Titus, who was sitting among the senators, recognized him. This noble Roman was so afflicted and overcome with grief, at seeing his old friend in such a situation, that, transported with fervent gratitude, he arose from his seat, and declared himself the perpetrator of the crime for which the honest stranger was unjustly going to suffer. But Gissippus, weary of life, protested most earnestly against the rashness of Titus. The whole Senate was in the greatest astonishment to see a Roman Senator accuse himself of so base an action, and seek so fervently such an infamous death, as was due to the assassination of which this stranger had involuntarily confessed himself guilty. They were in this state of suspense, when Publius Ambustus, the real perpetrator of the crime, stepping forth from the crowd, declared himself to be the murderer. This wretch, at the sight of these two generous friends, each of whom was emulous to save the life of the other at the expence of his own, and for a

crime of which both of them were innocent, felt that vice itself could not resist the noble effects of virtue. As it was not difficult to prove, that he alone was the guilty person, the two friends were acquitted, and the murderer himself was pardoned, in consideration of what he had done.

Titus, afterwards, not content with having saved the life of Gissippus, bestowed upon him the half of his property, together with his sister Fulvia in marriage. This is a history which deserves to be known, and which shews the power of love, the force of friendship, the rigour of the Athenian laws respecting honour, and, lastly, the tardy, but perfect gratitude of a good man, and sincere friend.

ON WORLDLY ENJOYMENTS.

Every thing passes away; every thing in this world is fugitive. We are carried away by the rapid whirlwind of time; and the moment which sees us enter on the stage, is but a few instants distant from that in which we make our exit, to appear no more. During this short space, we are perpetually in motion; we are agitated by vain pleasures, vain hopes, vain disquiets, and vain apprehensions; ambition, love, avarice, envy, pride, voluptuousness, idleness. What more? Innumerable passions tyrannize over, and prey upon our minds; disgust, indisposition, the various maladies from which even youth is not exempt, and which are inseparable from an advanced age, cause us to pass in succession through all the several degrees of pain. Death comes at last, to restore to earth the possession of that part of us which it had only lent to us: scarcely has it re-entered on its property, when those with whom we have had the closest connexions entirely forget us. After this, what are we to think of our life? Does it deserve the attachment we shew to it? Consider what I have said, and then decide.

HARRIET;
OR, THE NOVICE;
A CAUTIONARY TALE, FOUNDED UPON FACTS.

Continued from page 152.

CHAP. IV.

In which Petersham continues to gain favour with Harriet.

THE moment Captain Petersham disappeared, Harriet began to recover from the confusion into which she had been plunged; and her pleasure became so great, in the idea of enjoying his company in the evening, that, with Lady Caustic, she was all life and vivacity. But as our readers may possibly have had sufficient detail of their conversation, we shall waive that which ensued on the entrance of her ladyship; indeed, its disclosure would neither offer pleasure nor entertainment; as it chiefly consisted in finding fault with all the world, railing at her helpmate, and regarding every thing with the jaundiced eye of rancour. Her ladyship was soon dismissed; and the time being arrived for them to dress for dinner, they both retired for this important purpose. On their arrival at the toilet, Lady Carruthers took the opportunity, before her woman, to rally Harriet on the conquest, as she said, her young visitor had made of Petersham. This, however, was stoutly denied; and, though inwardly pleased at this insinuation, it was more the offspring of being like other young ladies, than any other sensation, which had crept into her heart; for she had not as yet considered any man as necessary to her happiness, until Lady Carruthers put the idea into her head; and with respect to Captain Peter-

sham, she saw him only in the light of an agreeable young man, whose company was preferable to any other, only as he had paid her more attention. It was all that she desired, she was pleased she knew not why; suffice it to say, she was longer dressing than ordinary, and many of her ornaments, which she had before conceived extremely becoming, were now thought quite the reverse; she found cause for displeasure in every one of them: her habiliments were all made too childish; and, for the first time in her life, she wished that her ear-rings and necklace were as rich as Lady Dashaway's; or her bracelets as elegant as Lady Carruthers'. This grand affair was at length concluded, their repast finished by seven, and an hour spent in lounging or dozing, when Petersham's voice was once more heard on the stairs. Without waiting for the *announcement*, as he usually did, he entered *sans ceremonie*, and, throwing himself into a chair next Harriet's, he took her hand, which he pressed tenderly in his, demanding how long they had been in the dreadful vacuum he had left them, which, he swore, appeared to him an age; and hoped that Lady Caustic had not infected them with her sombre ideas. Much bye-play passed between him and Harriet; which, had Lady Carruthers perceived, she would have been too indolent to prevent. The Champagne that Petersham had swallowed, in toasts to his new friend, had imparted its sparkling influence to his eyes; he never looked more handsome; and this half hour of *badinage* and conversation helped him on, with rapid strides, in the affections of the little Harriet. At length, they were interrupted; for Lady Carruthers had nodded, and, in nodding, awoke herself. "Come, my dear Harriet," said she, suddenly; "you shall thank Captain Petersham for his complaisance. For now, to let you into a secret which he little thinks that I am acquainted with, I have an *idea*, that not a single ticket would Lady Carruthers have ever seen, if you had not been here; or if, Captain Petersham, you had for once been so much unoc-

cupied as not to have found any one else on whom you might have bestowed it; you *might* then, perhaps, have brought it to me; but lord, man, why then you would not have appeared to escort these two hours; therefore——" Petersham began to protest, but her ladyship would not hear him. "No, no, my dear fellow," added she; "I am not quite so easily deceived as you may imagine; and so, *Miss Seabright, child, I am exceedingly obliged to you* for these tickets," continued she, rising, and courtseying formally; "and I beg you'll return the compliment to yourself to that gentleman." Harriet coloured, and withdrew her hand suddenly, which, till now, had remained in his, and was essaying to utter something, when Lady Carruthers' carriage drove to the door, and the ladies retired, to equip themselves for their departure.

We shall pass over this evening in silence; for Catalini and Ferlendis sung as usual; Braham, it was said, was in fuller tone; but, confining ourselves to our trio, or rather duet, merely say, that the attention paid on one side, and the fascination on the other, caused mutual pleasure; till time, the lover's enemy, who, from our joys, summons us with rapidity, while, o'er our sorrows, he delights to drag the hours with leaden pace, put a period to the magical sensation of our lovers. Every day, unconsciously, did Harriet look forward, with anxiety, for the appearance of Petersham, as Petersham also found himself at Lady Carruthers. If the former had never given herself time to consider, to ask herself the real motive of these feelings, not so Petersham; though he was not base enough to lay a regular plan for her seduction, yet those caresses which she unguardedly, and in the gaiety of her heart, returned lavishly upon him, were imputed to an inordinate love of his person. Such is the mischievous consequences of a man's correspondence with the frailer part of the fair sex, that he is too apt to implicate the innocent with the guilty, and to suppose that every woman who

possesses the smallest share of levity in her demeanor, is equally lost to decorum. Not but Petersham had some reason for his opinion; he had been too frequently indulged in every liberty by the other sex, not to know, that the man whose existence is centered in the smile of one woman, who would have been the protector, not the immolater of her honour, has been kept at an awful distance, while he, in the absence of that person, has been allowed freedoms incompatible with female delicacy. Is it then to be supposed, that he could pay any respect to propriety, in his intercourse with females, which he had so often seen violated by themselves? No; vain as he was, he knew there were many men equally, or more irresistible than himself; thus, his mind was continually open to suspicion; and although for a time he might imagine one female did really love him; yet, when vanity forsook him, jealousy would return, and then he would believe *all* equally frail, equally guilty.

Convinced as we are of the fallacy of such opinion, may he soon be convinced of the real worth of woman; and that there are those of the other sex, in every situation of life, who possess the most delicate ideas of female honour, from a conviction that they are capable of ameliorating our sorrows, or of contributing to our joys. Dearest and most amiable of all the works of Nature, the last and best soothers of every care, ye who can, if ye list, drive every torment, and banish every gust of passion from the heart of man, let me pause upon your excellencies, and evil beshrew the wretch who would blight your honours, or injure your charms.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES
OF DISTINGUISHED FEMALES.

NO. VI.

ELIZABETH DE FRANCE.

THE following anecdote of this unfortunate princess, aunt of Louis XVI. who fell a victim to the infuriate supporters of the French Revolution, exhibits, in a peculiar manner, the goodness of her heart:—while enjoying the pleasures of a country life at her seat at Montreuil, she attracted a Swiss peasant, a beautiful and interesting female, into her service, in order to superintend her dairy. She was called Mary. This young creature, far from receiving pleasure at her elevation, sunk into a degree of melancholy at having quitted her native mountains, and in being removed from a youth named Jacques, whom she tenderly loved, and to whom she had been promised in marriage. She disclosed the anguish of her mind to Madame de Thevenet, an attendant on Elizabeth, who immediately wrote the words, and composed the music, of the romance, “*Pauvre Jacques, quand j'étois près de toi,*” &c. This Mary learned, and took an opportunity of singing it in the hearing of her mistress: struck with the sweetness of her voice, and the plaintive manner in which she sung the air, the princess felt an interest in her fortunes, and being apprized that the romance unfolded her real situation, she sent to Switzerland for Jacques, and united Mary to the object of her affection.

CLARA D'ISIEUX.

This anecdote presents a useful lesson to parents who deport themselves with rigour towards their children. A young man of good morals, whose father was in easy cir-

cumstances, and highly respected, became smitten with a young female, Clara d'Isieux, who, by the purity of her conduct, was worthy of his affection ; but the parents of the young people being averse to their attachment, endeavoured to alienate them from each other. The young girl, overwhelmed with grief, soon after disappeared. Her lover, in despair, imputed her absence to the ardour of his passion ; and finding his father unfriendly to his choice, he destroyed himself, leaving behind him a letter full of expressions of the most fervent love, and of reproaches against the author of his being, whose obstinacy had caused the desertion of his mistress, and reduced him in consequence to this fatal extremity. The father, feeling in its utmost force the misery he had occasioned, repaired to the river's side, in order to vent his feelings ; where, horror struck, he beheld the body of the female to whom his son had been attached, floating in the water ; and, in the agony of his sufferings, he plunged into the stream, and was seen no more.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Queen Elizabeth, though possessing many majestic virtues, was not free from vanity, nor destitute of those female qualities which might too much alarm her at the merits in others of her sex. She appeared dissatisfied with the ordinary devotion of courtiers, till she could distinguish whether it was paid to her sovereignty, or herself. When she asked the Count de Ferie, how he liked her maids of honour, it was only to draw a compliment on herself ; and he politely answered, That it was hard to judge of the splendor of the stars in the presence of the sun. At another time, she was very importunate with Villa Mederana, to know who was the mistress of his affections ; he promised to shew the Queen that lady's picture the next day, and accordingly sent her Majesty a paquet with a small looking glass. As she frequently entertained in private the secretary of Mary, Queen of Scots, she would

always appear before him in different apparel, and would be sure to learn of him which suit he thought did best become her, and could not disguise her satisfaction when he preferred the smart Italian dress; because in that the shallow bonnet could not hide her golden locks. She would likewise ask him which he thought the tallest; which the fairest. He discreetly answered, That he thought each of them was the Queen of Beauty in her own dominions. Upon hearing him say, that his queen sometimes diverted herself with music, she was soon after caught playing upon her virginal, and was pleased when he gave her the preference; nor did she suffer him to go home till he had heard her talk over the languages, seen her dance, and satisfied him that the Queen of England was mistress of these accomplishments in greater perfection than the Queen of Scotland.

ULASTA.

It is an observation founded on fact, that females who have fallen into an irregular course of life, generally commit greater excesses than the other sex. This young woman, a native of Bohemia, was possessed of strong passions, and united a masculine mind to considerable athletic powers of body: she entered into the service of Libussa, wife of the Duke Prezemislas, who rendered her skilful in the martial exercises, so common to her countrywomen. She soon surpassed her companions in the art of shooting an arrow, in riding on horseback, and throwing the javelin. Being deceived by a faithless lover, she conceived the most violent hatred to mankind; and inspiring in other females a similar sentiment, they massacred in one night their husbands and their brothers; she induced them to take up arms, and to join her in the extravagant resolution of giving a new government to Poland. This intrepid, but vindictive female, having been able to raise a considerable army, defeated for a time the forces of Prezemislas; but falling into an ambuscade, she was killed; and her death put an end to a conflict no less singular than sanguinary.

THE CRITIC.

NO. V.

LETTER TO THE CRITIC.**SIR,**

FROM your silence of last month, I fear you begin to find the office of a Critic too troublesome; let me, however, advise you to continue, and accept the inclosed criticisms, which may perhaps save you some labour. The first of them is written by a gentleman who has edited the works of several of the ancient poets, and who, as you may easily guess, is about to give to the world an edition of Pope. The subject of these remarks is one of those epitaphs which Pope wrote for himself. I hope you will find this present of use.

Yours, &c.

EPITAPH

On one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey.

Heroes and kings! your distance keep;
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you;
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

I.

Heroes and kings! your distance keep. I have sometimes doubted whether it ought not to be *at distance*; but, upon consideration, I find a peculiar beauty in the present reading. The true meaning is, preserve your proper dignity; do not demean yourselves to molest a poor poet. Were we to change the *your* for *at*, this sense would be

lost, and the line would be totally unworthy of the author's genius.—*In peace let one poor poet sleep.* An ordinary writer might have said, *Let one poor poet quietly sleep;* but the words *In peace* contain a keen and delicate satire, considering to whom the author addresses himself. The epithet *poor* is used in this line with exquisite propriety, as it sets the poet in opposition to the *heroes and kings.* It may be remarked here, that the poet has been characterized as poor in every age, from the time of Homer to the present day.—*Who never flatter'd folks like you.* The word *folks* in this line, though it is familiar, is not at all out of place; it expresses somewhat of contempt, and accords excellently with the general tenor of the verse.—*Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.* Not only let Horace blush, but even Virgil; whose face, from his excessive modesty, was suffused with a continual blush, let him even redden still more at this!

A.

II.

This piece has nothing to recommend it, except its brevity. Its whole air is too light for so serious a subject. *Your distance*, in the first line, is too colloquial. The request, that his sleep may not be disturbed, is borrowed from the times of ignorance, and only disgraces a composition of this age. The epithet *poor*, applied to the poet, is common-place, and entirely wrong here; for Pope always lived in affluence. *Folks* is vulgar and prosaic. *Too* is a rhyme which should never be admitted but in pieces of humour and burlesque. Upon the whole, this is a contemptible little performance.

B.

III.

This is called 'An Epitaph on one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey;' in the second line, he is called *poor post.*—*Quere, Could he be buried in West-*

minster Abbey if he would? When he addresses heroes and kings, does he mean the living or the dead? If he means the living, he must surely be very badly covered, if he fears their disturbing him; if he means the dead, his injunction is needless; for, though kings and heroes make a great noise in the world, they are as quiet as other men in their graves. Did Virgil and Horace flatter in the sense in which flattery is here taken? Perhaps the praises they bestowed were as just as those of this poet.

C.

I am much obliged to the writer of this letter. Parallels to these critiques may be found every day. If we look into the notes on any ancient author, we are sure to find the counterpart of Mr. A. There is the same search after new beauties, and the same penetration into designs which the author never conceived. Let me transcribe one of Dr. Francis's Notes on the first Ode of Horace.

"This Ode has been differently explained, according to the different genius, learning, and taste, of its commentators. Let one more attempt to throw it in a new light be forgiven.

"The poet has set the characters of it in so strong a contrast, as that each of them gives and receives a force and colouring from the other. Fame and ambition; *Sunt quos curriculo—Hunc, si mobilium.* An insatiable desire of riches, and contentment with a moderate fortune; *Illum, si proprio—Gaudentem patrios.* Industry and luxury; *Luctantem Icaris—Est qui nec veteris.* War and hunting; *Multos castra juvant—Manet sub Jove frigido.* And, lastly, a reputation acquired by learning and a poetical taste is set in opposition to a reputation hoped for from success in lyric poetry alone; *Me doctarum hedera—Me gelidum nemus.*"

I dare say Horace never knew of half the excellencies that are here set down. The ode, indeed, is very spirited; but I cannot discern all these fine contrasts, though the

commentator takes so much pains to point them out. There is a contrast between ambition and avarice, and again between avarice and contentment; we may also discover something of the kind in the *Luctantem Icariis*, and the *Est qui nec veteris*; though it is here in the circumstances, and not in the characters; for we do not find that the merchant quits his retirement because he does not relish an idle life, but because he is untaught to bear poverty. These are all the contrasts I can find. It must have required immense perseverance, with a predetermination to succeed, to find a contrast between fame and ambition, war and hunting, a reputation for poetical taste and a reputation for poetry.

R.

A CURE FOR LOVE.

Take a grain of sense, half a grain of prudence, a dram of understanding, one ounce of patience, a pound of resolution, a handful of dislike; intermix them all together; fold them up in the alembic of your brain for twenty-four hours; set them on a slow fire for hatred, then strain them clean from the dregs of melancholy; sweeten them with forgetfulness; put them in the bottle of your heart, stopping them down with the cork of sound judgement; there let them stand fourteen days, in the water of cold affection; this, rightly made, and properly applied, is the most effectual remedy in the universe, and never was known to fail.

Fragments of Literature,

NO. V.

SINGULAR PREDICTION.

THE following very curious note (prophetical of the revolution in France, its progress, and results), was found among the papers of **LA HARPE**, a French writer of much celebrity, who died in the year 1803, after having, in the most solemn manner, renounced the errors of a false philosophy, and nobly avowed his entire acquiescence in the sublime truths of christianity, of which he became one of the most enlightened defenders.

" It appears to me as if it were but yesterday, and it was nevertheless in the beginning of the year 1788: we were at the table of a brother academician, who was of the highest rank, and a man of talents. The company was numerous, and of all kinds; courtiers, advocates, literary men, academicians, &c. We had been, as usual, luxuriously entertained; and at the dessert, the wines of Malvoisie and the Cape, added to the natural gaiety of good company, that kind of social freedom which sometimes stretches beyond the rigid decorum of it. In short, we were in a state to allow of any thing that could produce mirth. Chamfort had been reading some of his impious tales; a deluge of pleasantries on religion succeeded; one gave a quotation from the Pucelle D'Orleans; another recollect ed and applauded the philosophical distich of Diderot.

Et des boyaux du dernier prêtre
Serrez le cou du dernier Roi.

The conversation afterwards took a more serious turn, and the most ardent admiration was expressed of the

revolution which Voltaire had produced ; and they all agreed, that it formed the brightest ray of his glory. " He has given the *ton* to his age, and has contrived to be read in the chamber as well as in the drawing room."

It was at length concluded, that the revolution would soon be consummated, and that it was absolutely necessary for superstition and fanaticism to give place to philosophy. The probability of this epoch was then calculated, and which of the company present would live to see the *Reign of Reason*. The elder part of them lamented that they could not flatter themselves with the hope of enjoying in the expectation that they should witness it. The academy was felicitated for having prepared the grand works ; and being, at the same time, the strong hold, the centre and the moving principle of *Freedom of Thought*.

There was only one of the guests who had not shared in the delight of this conversation ; he had even ventured, in a quiet way, to start a few pleasantries on our noble enthusiasm ; it was Cazotte, the author of the poem d'Olivier, and other works, an amiable man, of an original turn of mind, but unfortunately infatuated with the reveries of the *Illuminati*. He renewed the conversation in a very serious tone ; and in the following manner, " Gentlemen," said he, " be satisfied you will see this grand and sublime Revolution. You know that I am something of a prophet ; and I repeat, that you will all see it." He was answered by the common expression, " *It is not necessary to be a great conjurer to foretell that.*" " Agreed ; but perhaps it may be necessary to be something more respecting what I am now going to tell you. Have you any idea of what will result from this *Revolution* ? What will happen to yourselves, to every one of you now present ? What will be the immediate progress of it, with its certain effects and consequences ?" " Oh !" said Condorcet, with his silly and saturnine laugh, " let us know all about it ; a Philosopher can have no objection to meet a Prophet." " You, M. Condorcet, will expire on the pavement of a

dungeon, you will die of the poison which you will have taken to escape from the hands of the executioner ; of poison, which the happy state of that period will render it absolutely necessary that you should carry about you*."

At first there appeared a considerable degree of astonishment; but it was soon recollected, that Cazotte was in the habit of dreaming while he was awake, and the laugh was as loud as ever. "M. Cazotte, the tale which you have just told, is not so pleasant as your *Diable Amoureux*; but what devil has put this dungeon, this poison, and these hangmen in your head? What can these things have in common with *Philosophy, and the Reign of Reason*?" "That is precisely what I am telling you. It will be in the name of Philosophy, of Humanity, and of Liberty; it will be under the reign of Reason, that what I have foretold will happen to you. It will then indeed be the reign of Reason; for she will then have temples erected to her honour. Nay, throughout France there will be no other places of public worship but the Temples of Reason." "In faith," said Chamfort, with one of his sarcastic smiles, "you will not be an officiating priest at many of these temples." "I hope not; for you, M. Chamfort, you will cut yourself across the veins with a razor, and will nevertheless survive the attempt many months." They all looked at him, and continued to laugh. "You, M. Vicq d'Azyr; you will not open your veins yourself; but you will order them to be opened six times in one day during a paroxysm of the gout, in order that you may not fail in your purpose; and you will die during the night. As for you, M. De Nicolai, you will die on the scaffold; and so, M. Bailly†, will you; and so will M. Malesherbe‡." "Oh heavens!" said Roucher, "it appears

* M. Condorcet died by poison March 28th, 1794.

† Guillotined Nov. 12th, 1793.

‡ Guillotined April 22nd, 1793.

that his vengeance is levelled solely against the academy ; he has just made a most horrible execution of the whole of it. Now tell me my fate, in the name of mercy." " You will die also upon the scaffold." Oh ! it was universally exclaimed ; he has sworn to exterminate all of us. " No ; it is not me who has sworn it." Are we then to be subjugated by Turks and Tartars. " By no means ; I have already told you, that you will then be governed by Reason and Philosophy alone. Those who will treat you as I have described, will all of them be Philosophers ; will be continually uttering the same phrases that you have been repeating for the last hour ; will deliver all your maxims, and will quote you as you have done Diderot and Pucelle." Oh, it was whispered, the man is out of his senses ; for during the whole of the conversation his features never underwent the least change. Oh no, said another, you must perceive that he is laughing at us ; for he always blends the marvellous with his pleasantries. Yes, answered Chamfort, the marvellous with him is never enlivened with gaiety. But when will all this happen ? " Six years will not have passed away before all which I have told you shall be accomplished."

" Here indeed is plenty of miracles," (it was myself, says M. de la Harpe, who now spoke) " and you set me down for nothing." " You will yourself be a miracle as extraordinary as any which I have told ; you will then be a Christian."

Loud exclamations immediately followed. Ah ! replied Chamfort, all my fears are removed ; for if we are not doomed to perish till La Harpe becomes a Christian, we shall be immortal.

As for us women, said the Dutchess de Grammont, it is very fortunate that we are considered as nothing in these revolutions ; not that we are totally discharged from all concern in them ; but it is understood that in such cases we are to be left to ourselves. Our sex——" Your sex, ladies, will be no guarantee to you in those

times; it will make no difference whatever, whether you interfere or not; you will be treated precisely as the men, no distinction will be made between you." But what does all this mean, M. Cazotte? You are surely preaching to us about the end of the world. "I know no more of that, my Lady Dutchess, than yourself; but this I know, that you will be conducted to the scaffold, with several other ladies along with you, in the cart of the executioner, and with your hands tied behind you." I hope, Sir, that in such a case I shall be allowed, at least, a coach hung with black. "No, Madam, you will not have that indulgence; ladies of higher rank than yourself will be drawn in a cart as you will be, with their hands tied as yours will be, and to the same fate as that to which you are destined." Ladies of higher rank than myself! What princesses of the blood? "Greater still."

Here there was a very sensible emotion throughout the company, and the countenance of the master of the mansion wore a very grave and solemn aspect; it was indeed very generally observed, that this pleasantry was carried too far. Mad. de Grammont, in order to disperse the cloud that seemed to be approaching, made no reply to this last answer, but contented herself with saying, with an air of gaiety, *You see, he will not even leave me a confessor.* "No, Madam, that consolation will be denied to all of you. The last person led to the scaffold who will be allowed a confessor as the greatest of favour will be—."

Here he paused for a moment, And who then is the happy mortal who will be allowed to enjoy this prerogative? "It is the only one which will be left to him; it will be—the King of France."

The master of the house now rose in haste, and his company were all actuated by the same impulse. He then advanced to M. Cazotte, and said to him, in an affecting and impressive tone, my dear M. Cazotte, we have had enough of these melancholy conceits; you carry it too far, even to the compromising the company with

whom you are, and yourself along with them. Cazotte made no answer, and was preparing to retire, when Mad. de Grammont, who wished, if possible, to do away all serious impressions, and to restore some kind of gaiety among them, advanced towards him, and said, " My good prophet, you have been so kind as to tell us all our fortunes; but you have not mentioned any thing respecting your own." After a few minutes of silence, with his eyes fixed on the ground, " Madam," he replied, " have you ever read the siege of Jerusalem, as related by Josephus?" " To be sure I have, and who has not? But you may suppose, if you please, that I know nothing about it. " Then you must know, Madam, that during the siege of Jerusalem, a man seven successive days went round the ramparts of that city, in the sight of the besiegers and the besieged, crying incessantly, in a loud and inauspicious voice, *Woe to Jerusalem!* and on the seventh day he cried, *Woe to Jerusalem and to myself!* At that moment an enormous stone, thrown by the machine of the enemy, dashed him to pieces*."

M. Cazotte then made his bow, and retired.

***.

ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

This extraordinary genius having, by an ill timed repartee, incurred the displeasure of the great Frederick, King of Prussia, he was induced to return to his Majesty the distinction he had received at his hands, with the following verses—

Je les reçus avec tendresse ;
Je vous les rends avec douleur.

Comme un amant jaloux, dans sa mauvaise humeur,
Rend le portrait de sa maîtresse.

* M. Cazotte was guillotined Sept. 25th, 1792; exactly four years and a half after his prophecy of his death.

times; it will make no difference whatever, whether you interfere or not; you will be treated precisely as the men, no distinction will be made between you." But what does all this mean, M. Cazotte? You are surely preaching to us about the end of the world. "I know no more of that, my Lady Dutchess, than yourself; but this I know, that you will be conducted to the scaffold, with several other ladies along with you, in the cart of the executioner, and with your hands tied behind you." I hope, Sir, that in such a case I shall be allowed, at least, a coach hung with black. "No, Madam, you will not have that indulgence; ladies of higher rank than yourself will be drawn in a cart as you will be, with their hands tied as yours will be, and to the same fate as that to which you are destined." Ladies of higher rank than myself! What princesses of the blood? "Greater still."

Here there was a very sensible emotion throughout the company, and the countenance of the master of the mansion wore a very grave and solemn aspect; it was indeed very generally observed, that this pleasantry was carried too far. Mad. de Grammont, in order to disperse the cloud that seemed to be approaching, made no reply to this last answer, but contented herself with saying, with an air of gaiety, *You see, he will not even leave me a confessor.* "No, Madam, that consolation will be denied to all of you. The last person led to the scaffold who will be allowed a confessor as the greatest of favour will be—."

Here he paused for a moment, And who then is the happy mortal who will be allowed to enjoy this prerogative? "It is the only one which will be left to him; it will be—the King of France."

The master of the house now rose in haste, and his company were all actuated by the same impulse. He then advanced to M. Cazotte, and said to him, in an affecting and impressive tone, my dear M. Cazotte, we have had enough of these melancholy conceits; you carry it too far, even to the compromising the company with

whom you are, and yourself along with them. Cazotte made no answer, and was preparing to retire, when Mad. de Grammont, who wished, if possible, to do away all serious impressions, and to restore some kind of gaiety among them, advanced towards him, and said, " My good prophet, you have been so kind as to tell us all our fortunes; but you have not mentioned any thing respecting your own." After a few minutes of silence, with his eyes fixed on the ground, " Madam," he replied, " have you ever read the siege of Jerusalem, as related by Josephus?" " To be sure I have, and who has not? But you may suppose, if you please, that I know nothing about it. " Then you must know, Madam, that during the siege of Jerusalem, a man seven successive days went round the ramparts of that city, in the sight of the besiegers and the besieged, crying incessantly, in a loud and inauspicious voice, *Woe to Jerusalem!* and on the seventh day he cried, *Woe to Jerusalem and to myself!* At that moment an enormous stone, thrown by the machine of the enemy, dashed him to pieces*."

M. Cazotte then made his bow, and retired.

***.

ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

This extraordinary genius having, by an ill timed repartee, incurred the displeasure of the great Frederick, King of Prussia, he was induced to return to his Majesty the distinction he had received at his hands, with the following verses—

Je les reçus avec tendresse ;
Je vous les rends avec douleur.

Comme un amant jaloux, dans sa mauvaise humeur,
Rend le portrait de sa maîtresse.

* M. Cazotte was guillotined Sept. 25th, 1792; exactly four years and a half after his prophecy of his death.

ON READING.

Reading gives us a relish for solitude; fills the mind with knowledge, and enables us to form a sound judgement of things; it banishes idleness, and its fatal consequences; and teaches us to make a good use of time, and to acquire virtue.

EXAMINATION OF A MIRACLE.

When Peter the Great was in a town of Poland, he heard a great deal of a miraculous image of the Virgin, which shed tears during mass, and he determined to examine closely this celebrated miracle. The image being at some height from the ground, he asked for a ladder, which he mounted; and perceiving, upon examination, two small holes near the eyes of the figure, he put his hand upon the cap, and took off the wig, together with a part of the skull, whilst some monks, who were at the feet of the ladder, looking quietly at the Czar, and not imagining that he could so soon discover the fraud, trembled upon seeing the head of their miraculous virgin thus dishonoured.—The Czar found within the head a small reservoir of water, the top of which was on a level with the eyes; and which contained some very small fish, whose motion agitating the water, caused it to flow slowly and in small quantities to the holes made in the corners of the eyes. He descended from the ladder, without endeavouring to undeceive the devotees, or any other person, and, turning to the monks, coolly said to them, "That is a very singular image."

ANECDOCE OF PETER THE GREAT.

ONE of the Czar's architects, a Frenchman, named Le Blond, a very honest man, had, by some means or other, drawn upon himself the dislike of Menzicoff, who, being resolved to do him an ill turn, effected it in the following manner.

Peter was particularly attached to his gardens, which he had planted with his own hands: Menzicoff, knowing this, took advantage of his master's absence to write him word that Le Blond, in spite of all the remonstrances he had made him, had just cut down the trees of those very gardens. This statement was at once true and false; Le Blond had, in fact, cut them, but only the higher branches which intercepted the view. He had also topped the trees, an operation by which they are preserved. The Czar never thought of this distinction, and, not imagining that Menzicoff would convey to him so gross a falsehood, arrived in great fury at Peterhoff, where the first object he saw was Le Blond, who was coming hastily to meet him, and to whom he instantly gave a violent blow with his cane. Le Blond, more wounded with the affront than with the blow, returned to the house, where he fell ill of a fever, which nearly cost him his life. Nevertheless the Czar hastened to examine his gardens, and seeing all the trees still standing, and simply topped, sent immediately to make his excuses to Le Blond, and being informed that he was ill, had every possible care taken of him. Upon the stairs of the castle, he met Menzicoff, and reproached him, with having grossly deceived him. Menzicoff tried to excuse himself, but the Czar still persisted in charging him with the falsehood, and, telling him that Le Blond was ill, seized him by the collar, and dashed him against the wall, saying, "You alone, rascal, are the cause of his illness."

REVIEW OF FEMALE LITERATURE.

THE FEMALE CLASS BOOK; OR, READING LESSONS, adapted to the use of schools, for every day in the year; consisting of moral, instructive, and entertaining extracts, selected principally from Female Writers, or on subjects of female Education and Manners, by MARTIN SMART. London, Lackington, Allen, and Co. 1813. pp. 467.

Of the various pursuits to which men of genius devote themselves, there are none more commendable than those that are directed to the instruction of youth. Though the authors of such performances may not attain any great distinction in the republic of letters, their labours will be appreciated by the judicious of either sex, and their names "be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue and confidence to truth."

The compilation before us has been formed, we are told, precisely on the model of that popular school book, Blair's Class-Book, so far as respects the number and arrangement of the lessons, and the appropriation of one to every day in the year; a feature of practical utility and convenience which has been found to be of very peculiar advantage in conducting the daily business of Schools. Its great purpose is to supply each pupil with a course of strictly appropriate female reading for twelve months of her continuance at school; and thus to dismiss her, on her return to the bosom of her family, not ungrounded in the best precepts which have been given by the most distinguished authors who have employed their pens on the subject of female duties and manners; nor unacquainted, in some measure, with the works of those female writers whose talents and genius have done honour to her own sex. In the choice of the lessons, a very scrupulous degree of care is taken to avoid, except with the most rigid moderation, all those subjects in which too lively a curiosity might be indulged by the class of readers for whom the work is intended; and this on the principle that it is not by filling the minds of girls

at school with the perpetual ideas of love and courtship that the best wives and mothers are likely to be produced. All that prurient writing, therefore, which abounds to so melancholy a degree in some compilations of nearly similar title and professions, is excluded, and the present work aims to recommend itself to young women during their education as a volume equally attractive and instructing; but which, at the same time, challenges the inspection and approbation of their preceptors and parents; nor is the compiler without the hope, that it may justly aspire to a place on the shelves of the sex, after the period of their education is completed, as a neat and acceptable manual of solid and entertaining female reading.

From the above outlines of the work, our fair readers will perceive that this is a performance of no ordinary merit. Mr. Smart imposed upon himself a laborious task which he has executed with no less judgement than taste. The selections are made with considerable skill, and so variously blended that in turning over the pages, and contemplating the subjects, the juvenile mind can wander.

"From grave to gay, from pleasant to severe,"

with renewed instruction and delight.

The following extract, however, which is applicable to the book itself, as demonstrative of its tendency, speaks more in its favour than any argument we can use.

A good taste in reading is particularly essential in the preservation of our morals, and the promotion of our happiness. There is an old proverb, "Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what manner of man you are." With no less propriety it may be said, Tell me what books you read, and I will tell you your principles, and mode of thinking. Good and virtuous principles, as well as vice and folly, may be learned no less by conversing with books than with men; and it is the duty of every parent to make a proper selection for the use of his children. Light and trivial publications may amuse; but if they are written merely to entertain, without any inten-

tion to improve, they ought not to engage so much of our time as to withdraw us from more serious reading.

It is to be regretted, that the generality of people, and particularly women, read only for the amusement of the present moment; and when they have closed the book think on it no more. To dwell upon particular passages, or interesting characters, on moral or religious subjects, ought to be the principal end of our studies; and unless we can imprint the substance of what we peruse on the memory, we shall have employed ourselves to little purpose. To inform as well as embellish our minds, and to add observation to memory, though obtained by few, should be pursued by all, because if we do not attain all the qualities to which we aspire, yet the very attempt will be attended with some acquisitions which will be as useful and instructive, as the chymists who searched after the philosopher's stone, though they did not procure the object of their pursuit, yet made many important discoveries."

THE MIRROR OF FASHION,

FOR OCTOBER, 1813.

Dresses invented by Mrs. Green.

STILL does the sun of Fashion remain under the horizon of London. The lingering of summer in autumn's lap, or rather the fineness of the season operating on the *beau monde*, detains our *élégantes* in the country; and, while the more prudent enjoy sea-breezes, rarified by a meridian sun, the votaries of Fashion still continue to breathe the evening air in hot libraries, or foetid theatres; where the rattle heaves the female bosom with expectation, or the refuse of the sons of Thespis enables them to yawn through a listless evening.

Morning Dress of plain white muslin, fitted to the shape; veil of white net.

Evening Dress.—A white satin gown, made full, *en saque*; over which is a boddice of rose-coloured satin, or velvet; pearl ear-rings; white gloves and shoes.



London Fashions for October 1813.

Published October 1st by D.W.H. Payne.



THE APOLLONIAN WREATH.

SONNET.

Oh! I have gaz'd at solemn hour of night,
In fervent rapture on the starry sky,
And watch'd the pale moon's melancholy light,
Till I have even almost wish'd to die!
The placid heavens, where not a cloud did creep,
Have seem'd to woo me to their blissful rest,
As they would lull to everlasting rest
The stormy sorrows of my troubled breast;
And I have thought, in ev'ry gale that blew,
Some gliding spirit whisper'd me away—
And ah! so weak, so shatter'd, and so few
Whate'er of mortal joys might bid me stay,
That, could I trust sweet Mercy lives for me,
Oh! I would smile on death, and languish to be free.

* * * * *

STANZAS.

As falls from heav'n the genial show'r,
In parching summer's noontide glow,
When languid droops the dying flow'r,
And slumb'ring winds forget to blow;
As o'er the cheek of wan disease,
From river banks or dewy lawn,
Disportive flits the cooling breeze,
The balmy breath of purple morn;

As when around the northern pole
First gleam the sun's returning rays;
So sweet and welcome to the soul
The soothing voice of virtuous praise:
With feeble hand, as nature taught,
I struck the quiv'ring chords the while;
Nor wo'd in word, nor ask'd in thought,
For fickle Fortune's envied smile.

Yet o'er my breast, devoutly heav'd,
The trembling pray'r hath sometimes flown—
Oh! that some kindred spirit liv'd,
Some heart congenial to my own!
Not that I thus would seem to prove
Superior goodness dwelt with me;
But who on earth that does not love
The seraph sounds of sympathy?
Nor vain my wish, nor vain my pray'r;
Her angel form was ling'ring nigh;
She watch'd the struggling pangs of care,
The bursting tear, the pensive sigh;
And soft o'er Agnes' tuneful lyre
Her magic charm divinely shed,
Responsive breath'd upon the wire,
And sweeten'd ev'ry note that fled.

And, hark! from Thule's rocky shore,
Where angry waves their surges cast,
Her music mingles with the roar,
And warbles on the wintry blast.

Oh! that my verse with graceful song
Could echo back the tribute due;
Could paint my feelings as they throng,
And wast my gratitude to you!

But where my fal'ring lips refuse
To speak the fervors of my breast,
Forgive the silence of the Muse,
For hearts like yours can think the rest.

OSCAR

TO CHARITY.

OH, Charity ! thou attribute of Heav'n,
How sweetly beams the lustre of that tear
Which gathers in thine eye at Pity's call,
And sheds its influence on the child of want !
Thy snowy veil does ev'ry charm enfold
Of heav'nly radiance and benignant love.
However clad, in garb of spangled show,
Or in the simplest wreaths of nature deck'd,
Oh ! thou art ever beauteous and bland.
Beneath the guidance of thy fostering care
The tender buds of sympathy expand ;
And the soft dew with which their blossoms teem
Is but the balm thy honied lips instil.

Benignant Spirit, hail ! thy rosy locks,
That wave in golden tresses to the breeze,
Look bright and lovely ; but more lovely far
When moist with tears from sorrow's cheerless eye.
Nor does that vest, which 'folds thy polish'd limbs,
Look half so graceful to th' enraptur'd gaze,
As when it shields from ev'ry piercing blast
The weeping child of poverty and woe.
Oh ! it is thine to soothe affliction's sigh,
To deck with placid smiles the sallow cheek,
Where revell'd late, perhaps, the haggard fiend
Of penury and want. Nor can the world
Afford a charm so exquisite and pure
As the soft smile of rosy health and peace,
By thee awaken'd in the care-worn breast.
Though prostrate nations own a tyrant's pow'r,
Though at his feet the universe at large
Should bow submissive ; is there anught can yield
The joy that sparkles to each deed of thine ?
And sure th' applauding heart more rapture feels,
As gratitude in eloquence, though dumb,
Repays the tribute of a smile of thine,

Than *he* who wears the diadem of kings,
And sternly bids, with tyrannizing sway,
Millions to tremble at the rod of pow'r,
And bend in mute submission to his will.

August, 1813. J. M. B.

SONNET.

How keen the pang, as thro' the silent night
We watch life's taper glimmering in the eye
Of one we love, and mark its fading light,
And catch with fearful dread the fainter sigh
And mournful o'er the soul, with sudden blight
And leaden sound, the warning moments bring,
Vibrating low, each hour of pond'rous weight;
Which seems half brooding on its sable wing,
To mar at once the hope, and close the span,
That short, too short, alas! with feeble ray,
Speeds on the fleeting pilgrimage of man;
Who oft, amid life's visionary day,
Is snatch'd from ev'ry fond endearing sight,
And 'whelm'd in shades of everlasting night.

1813.

J. M. B.

THE SMILE OF SORROW.

BY J. M. LACEY.

'Tis hard to smile when bitter woe
Around the heart is wreathing;
To look at ease, when pleasure's foe,
Despair, deep pangs is breathing.

'Tis hard,—yet oft the worldly man
So smiles, so looks at ease;
Such of society the plan;
Such still the wish to please.

Yet all this seeming joy but proves
A mockery of grief;
Not one sad throb it e'er removes,
Nor gives one soft relief.

'Tis like the hot-bed's heated mass,
That bids the flow'ret glow;
Above all brightness! but, alas!
Corruption all below!

June 1st, 1813.

AMATORY LINES TO A YOUNG LADY,

With Raw's Lady's Repository for 1813.

"Go, little book,"* to her I prize,
To her in whom each beauty lies,
And tell the all-accomplish'd maid,
When on her toilet thou art laid,
Or when the lonely hour to spend,
Thou prov'st, perhaps, a welcome friend,—
Oh! tell the idol of my soul,
(What time, nor ages can control,)—
That her bright form I bear imprest
Within the mansion of my breast;
There her dear image long shall live,
And each fond hope and transport give;
There, in my pensive hours, I'll trace
The smiles which deck her lovely face,
The winning look, devoid of care,
The graceful mien, the auburne hair,
Whose sportive ringlets wanton flow
Around a neck more white than snow,
O may each joy that heaven can send,
With health and happiness, attend

* Vide Motto prefixed to *Spencer's Fairy Queen*.

Her footsteps through each scene of life,
As blooming Virgin, Friend, and Wife!
And may the fates propitious prove,
To aid my suit, reward my love;
Bless me with her I most adore,
'Tis all I wish,—I ask no more.

Hadleigh.

J. LILLY.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SOLILOQUY.

OCCASIONED BY THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A FRIEND.

How many ills encompass round

This life's contracted span!

And how uncertain is the date

Allotted unto man!

He's here to day in youthful pride,

Like summer's transient flower;

Which may to-morrow be cut down,

And wither'd in an hour.

Ah! who can tell what may ensue

Before the morning light?

Or, in the morn, what may betide,

Ere the approach of night!

This state precarious ought to teach

E'en more than sermons can,

And whisper thus to every heart—

“Thou too must die, O man!”

O thou great God! who reign'st above,

Direct me in the way,

Wherein the just shall stand approv'd,

At thy dread judgement day;

Teach me to think, whilst yet I may,

Upon that world to come;

Where each poor pilgrim's soul shall find

An everlasting home.

Where neither moth nor rust corrupts
The treasure there consign'd ;
Where neither sin nor guile molests
The unpolluted mind.

Great God ! whilst thus I lowly bend,
Extend thine arm to save ;
For there's no mercy in the dust,
No pardon in the grave.

Hadleigh.

J. LILLY

HORACE,

BOOK I. ODE XXIV.

TO VIRGIL.

O why should prudence, why should shame restrain
From tears for one so well belov'd as he ?
Pour forth, Melpomene, the wailing strain,
Jove gave the harp and flowing voice to thee.

Does endless sleep then close Quintillus' eye ?

O modesty, O faith, without a stain,

Sister of justice, naked truth, reply

When shall ye ever find his like again ?

He died lamented by the good and great,

None mourn'd his fate so much as thou, my friend ;

But love must try in vain from death's drear state

The wretched victims of the gods to rend.

Had'st thou ev'n more than Orpheus' tuneful string,
And moving forests at thy call obey'd,
Thou could'st not bid the blood of life to spring,
And to thy arms return the fleeting shade.

Mercurius leads him in the ways of woe,
Light prayers will never change his fate for thee ;
'Tis hard, alas ! but in thy sorrow know,
Patience makes light th' immutable decree.

R. H. J

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

In answer to OSCAR's polite note, we beg to say, that it is not for us to prescribe the style in which our Contributors are to write; nor can we expect, at all times, to avail ourselves of their exertions, in order to indulge our own indolence, or relieve our own labours.—We are greatly obliged to all our Correspondents; and to no one more than to OSCAR; who, in our opinion, under-rates his talents; and whose esteemed productions will always find a place in this publication.

The *Essay of Senex*, and Mr. F.'s *Romance*, in our next.

The *Lines* by the late Mr. Gay will meet with attention.

We hope to hear again from Agnes and Mr. Porter.

O. M. Reuben, and other articles, are under consideration.

••• Mr. Lacey will find a Note for him at our publisher's, with an enclosure.

From an imposition to which we have inadvertently been subject, ADVERTISERS are earnestly requested to send their favours, particularly *Advertisements of Medicines, &c. early in the month*, that they may be carefully perused, and such rejected as, under *specious titles*, contain any thing improper for our class of readers.





Bourdon Print

H.R. Cook sc.

CHRISTINA,
Queen of Sweden

Published Nov. 7. 1807, by J.W.H. Payne.